

without such aptitude from "style" to "point of
distinction."—*Free Journal*, 1844, page 100.

[illegible]

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Mr. Belden said they would be the first to be committed. Mr. Spaulding said he was ready, and said Belden to bring on his thousand men with their bayonets, (referring to Belden's threat that he would, at any time, produce a thousand armed men to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law).

Mr. Belden, having thoroughly ridiculed the argument of Judge Bliss for the prosecution, gave way to Judge Spaulding, who spoke two hours and a half on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday half an hour, when my appointments called me away.

He is a man of great experience in the practice of the Court, of extensive reading in the law and the history of our government, and at the head of the Cleveland bar in age and ability; his opinions and positions assume more weight in that community than that of the District Court, the Supreme Court and all the Federal Courts and Administrations combined, and whatever he chose to say or do before the Court, was done with impunity, though some of his sayings would, in other mouths, I think, have subjected the speaker to sentences for contempt of Court.

He commenced by arguing with great strength and clearness the "Higher Law" doctrine, and in reply to Judge Bliss' sneers at the citizens of Oberlin as being "Higher Law men" with peculiar "political privileges," "harbors of fugitive slaves," "opponents to the execution of the laws of the United States," &c., &c., he said that he had never known a man who was subjected to difficulties and discipline from the rest of mankind, if they were higher law men, he was very glad of it, he was himself; all men ought to be, and he said that the whole community and the whole law was infected with it. Men might sneer at higher law, but they could not wipe it out or make it all recognize it, or be crushed by it. A Napoleon the first, when about to march his imperial army of half a million into Russia, being told that "man proposed while God disposed," solemnly repudiated the higher law by saying, "I propose, and I dispose"; but when, a few months after, he led with a remnant of that great army, not to an island in the Mediterranean, but to a power greater than he, a high power, beyond him. Thomas Jefferson renounced the higher law when he said "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that he cannot be so long deceived." "The all mighty has no attribute that can take sides with the oppressor."

As to "political privileges," he would say to the Court that he was a Democrat, and had always been so, and worked with the party long and hard, and he said that the party drill required of him allegiance to this Fugitive Slave Law, which he never would yield, and so left the ranks of such a party. He was a Democrat when, in 1848, Judge Bliss, who sneered at "political privileges," gave a Free Sinner's card to "Political privileges," and a few years ago, said Judge Bliss, the District Attorney, asked my aid in nominating him candidate for Governor of this State, on the ground of his opposition to this very law which is now enforcing. He has left his integrity for the office, for "drift with the law," and no man can now hold office under the Federal Government who does not pledge allegiance to slavery and this law. Your honor could not sit on that bench without the pledge, nor the District Attorney hold his office. (Sensation.)

Speaking of the wickedness of the law, and of what work that is endangered no one but fugitive negroes, he said, that it had no reference to other persons; our children may be endangered, but for 12 years old, near the Judge's bench, and we stood up, that all could see) with fair complexion, blue eyes, and light, straight hair, the six months ago, was held as a slave in North Carolina, and yet his complexion is lighter and his hair straighter than that of the District Attorney's (Sensation) and who is safe under the law if such as he may be slaves.

The people of Oberlin are charged with opposition to the laws of the United States, because they are opposed to this law. But this is not true, and does not at all follow. I am glad to know that they are opposed to this law, they ought to be; all politicians are, and the people of Oberlin are no exception in this. Let me cite, for instance, the proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of Oberlin on September 1850, even after the passage of the law, and at which a committee reported a series of resolutions denouncing the law in the strongest terms, which were unanimously adopted. One of the resolutions was Judge H. V. Wilson.

We now propose in this Court, (Sensation) and here are the resolutions: which he then proceeded to read. As they would take too much of the time, I will not give them in full, but only say that they denounce the law as "unauthorized by the Constitution, hostile to every principle of justice and humanity, fatal to human freedom, repudiating the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the principles on which all free governments rest; unjust, unrighteous, and deserving of the ends of all just governments, which is not extended by one man or a million of men; and we deem it the duty of every good citizen to oppose, oppose, and resist the execution of said law."

The reading of these resolutions reported by Judge Wilson, produced quite a sensation in Court, and Judge Spaulding apparently said that either him or the resolutions were just then somewhere here.

Judge Spaulding then proceeded to argue at length, and with great strength, the unconstitutionality of the law, reading copious extracts from the Madison papers, the debates of the State Convention of 1783, and the early meetings of the Supreme Court, and denounced the centralizing power of the Constitution itself by giving the Supreme Court such supreme and unchecked power, as to exceed the power of any other power, he would not say in Christendom, but would go further and say, on the civilized globe, it has stretched out its briber arms till nearly every vestige of State or individual rights was lost.

He held the law to be unconstitutional because it violated original State rights by allowing Congress to legislate when it had no right to, as this law was wholly in the province of the States. He overrode the habeas corpus and trial by Jury.

He then proceeded to show that even if the law was a sound one, the evidence had not made it appear that these defendants had violated it.

While he was in one place citing the writings of some of the early jurists, Judge Wilson called his attention to the fact that that point had been overruled by the present Supreme Court. I knew it, and Judge Spaulding, and I hold their ruling to be supremely ridiculous. I can read the King's language as well as the Supreme Judges, and I am not subject to their reading or ruling, and

will not be bound by it. I do not expect however to overturn or procure a reversal of their rulings by my argument before this Court, and I do not make these general arguments against this law expecting it to have any effect upon the decision of this case, but to put myself right on the records, and aid in the creation of that sentiment that shall ultimately overthrow all such tyrannical usurpations. *Agitate! agitate! agitate!* till right be done, and wrong be overturned! (Sensation) before the Court, and its thousand bayonets).

I should have said before, that the brutal slave hunter, Jennings, is a *pious, devout Campbellite Baptist*, believes the Bible, in Sunday and water baptism, and so "must be a Christian".

J. A. H.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 30, 1859.

This Bugle can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Trezout, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

THE LAW.

In another column will be found a copy of the law under which the rescuers of John were indicted, and are now being tried. It is nearly nine years since it was first spread before the people, and it may be well at this time to republish it, so that we may not altogether forget the manifold blessings which result from our glorious union with slave-catchers, nor cease to appreciate the constitutional bond by which our political elevation is made sure.

Upon examination it will be seen that the first four sections relate to the judicial authorities empowered to act under the law.

The fifth section prescribes the duty of Marshals and their deputies, and empowers them, when necessary, "to summon and call to their aid the by-standers, or the posse comitatus of the county;" and "to command all good citizens to aid and assist in its prompt and efficient execution;" and if they refuse, it is at their peril.

Section sixth specifies who may arrest the fugitive, and states what proof is necessary to secure his return.

The seventh section declares what penalties shall be visited upon any person "who shall knowingly or willingly obstruct, hinder, or prevent such arrest," who "shall rescue, or attempt to rescue such fugitive," or "shall aid, abet, or assist such fugitive directly or indirectly to escape," or "shall harbor or conceal him so as to prevent his discovery or arrest, after notice or knowledge that such person was a fugitive from service or labor." It affirms the proper penalty for such a crime to be a fine of not over \$1000, and imprisonment of not over six months, and in addition to this, declares a forfeiture of \$1000 to the claimant for the value of his escaping fugitive.

The three remaining sections relate to the manner in which the process of this law is to be conducted.

Here then, so far as the mis-called freemen of the North are concerned, we have the gist of the law. It probably scarcely ever occurs that any person who voluntarily aids, either directly or indirectly, in assisting another to escape who owes service or labor under the laws of one of the slaveholding states, does not have notice that such is the condition of the fugitive; and for this the penalty is plain. And if the offender or his friends cannot pay the imposed fine, whatever that may be, to which has been added the \$1000 forfeiture, and the court charges, there is no help for him; he must rest in jail, unless Executive clemency unbars his prison doors.

Appended to the law, we give the opinion of Attorney General Crittenden as to its constitutionality. We agree with him, and believe it not only harmonious in letter, but in spirit with the Federal Constitution, and those who swear to support the one, are not the proper persons to complain of the execution of the other.

LOOK AT HOME.

The arrest and imprisonment of men as criminals, who are charged with no other offence than aiding in the escape of fugitives from slavery—giving them a helping hand in their flight from our land of whips and chains to the domains of Victoria where chattelism is not, is certainly an outrage, and one of no ordinary character.

But the Fugitive Slave Law bears with a far heavier weight upon the escaping slave, than upon his silder and abettor at the North. The outrage which it inflicts upon the recaptured bondman, throws into comparative insignificance that which is perpetrated upon those, who, being nominally free themselves, actively disregard its provisions. While indignant at the arrest and imprisonment of our own citizens, we should feel far more indignant at the arrest and re-enslavement of our equal brothers, who have never really drawn more than a few free inspirations. While sympathizing with the inmates of our own prisons, we should sympathize far more with those who are grinding in the prison house of slavery.

But it is not our design in this article to call the especial attention of our readers to the operation of that law upon escaping slaves—we wish them to consider the character of the outrage it inflicts as a punishment for crime upon free men, bearing in mind the circumstances attending its growth from the hour the germ was planted in the Constitution, up to the present, when we behold its ripening fruits. The claim of the master to the service of his slave was sanctioned by law when the Constitution was formed, as it is now; the provision of the Constitution relating to the rendition of fugitive slaves, was a compromise made between the North and South in good faith; the acts based upon that compromise were passed by Congressional legislation, confirmed by Executive approval and endorsed by judicial authority. The slavecatcher comes then with a three fold claim: 1st, his legal right to the service of his slave; 2nd, a constitutional recognition of that right; 3rd, Congressional authority, speaking by the law of '53 as endorsed by President Washington, and the law of '50 as endorsed by President Fillmore. Granted that none of these are founded in justice; they are all founded in law, and are just as binding as is the authority of law.

When the law is executed, it is deemed an outrage, and justly; but while condemning our political allies in the South, ought we not to see to it that they may not be able to point the finger of shame at us, and exclaim, "You who say man's equal brotherhood should be recognized, why do you deny it? You who say it is an outrage to free and imprison a man who aids a slave to secure his freedom, why do you free and imprison a man who advises free men to exercise the elective franchise?"

By the Fugitive Slave Law—a law enacted by a government unquestionably the tool of the slave-power, whose sense of legislation is upon slaveholding territory, and whose official habit of necessity is more or less contaminated by the slave spirit—where they breathe—any person who aids in the escape of a fugitive slave is subject to a fine of not over \$1000, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, beside a forfeiture of \$1000 to the master, the assumed value of the slave. From the standpoint of the Southern States, from that of the Federal Constitution, as well as from that of the laws of '53 and '50, it is seen that the slaveholder has been despoiled of his legal property worth from \$800 to \$1500, and for this he demands satisfaction, and obtains it by fine and imprisonment.

Ohio prides herself upon being a free state. She has declared that neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude—except for crime—should exist within her borders. She makes strong pretensions to democracy, and has claimed regard with profound reverence the doctrine of man's equality. One would hardly expect of her, laws partaking in their character of the injustice and oppression of the Fugitive Slave Act. One would hardly suppose that while condemning the oppression and outrage of the National Government as manifested in the fine and imprisonment of her own citizens for aiding in the escape of fugitives, she would, at the same time fine and imprison other of her citizens for simply expressing an opinion that a colored man has the right to vote—an act which does not deprive any one of his legal property as does the other. One would hardly expect, that while with the one hand she signs a protest against the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, with the other she writes a warrant authorizing the execution of her own Black Law. And yet such is the fact.

During the progress of the Rescues Trials, a citizen of Portage County, was so democratic as to advise a colored man to offer his vote at a Township election. For this he was arrested as a criminal, and bound over for trial under a law—a State law, mind you—which proposes to punish the crime by a fine not exceeding \$500, and imprisonment not exceeding six months. Talk about the outrage involved in the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law! So far as the white man is concerned, and taking into consideration its antecedents, and remembering that it was enacted by the Federal Government, and is executed by it, this, if not the blackest of Ohio Black Laws, is a greater outrage—a greater indignity. It is a foul blow struck by the ruling hand of our own household.

It becomes the people of Ohio to talk about invoking State authority to protect them against Federal outrage. Should Ohio resist the force, or by some means prevent their collection, and under the prison doors of the rescuers of John, the freed prisoners would have to walk with the utmost circumspection, for should their sense of justice prompt them to say to the man they had saved from slavery, "John, you have as good a right to vote in Ohio as if your skin was white, and we advise you to do it at the next election," the property which had been protected against the grasp of Federal officials, would be seized by State authority, and the doors of the prison be reopened for the admission of men who had dared to violate the Black Law of the State, and so far forget what was due the authority of the State government, as to advise a colored man to vote.

Now what is to be done? Are Ohioans to realize the authority of the Federal Government in the one case, but submit to that of the State in the other? Are they to be indignant when Washington officials fine and imprison them, but submit with becoming decorum when Columbus officials do the same thing? Is an outrage under the U. S. District Court to be regarded as more of an outrage than one perpetrated by the authority of the General Assembly of Ohio?

The ends of Ethics held by anti-slavery politicians is a strange thing, and we by no means profess to understand it. It declares the slave trade with Africa piracy, but legislators that with Virginia and Kentucky. It is opposed to Slavery in the Territories, but upholds it in the States. It cried out against Brooks when he begged Sumner in Washington, but sustained the plantation ruler under which he flogged women in South Carolina. It may be that according to this code, it is perfectly right to condemn the outrage upon the rescuers of John, but highly improper to expose the character of oppressive State laws; if so, we hasten to make all proper apology for what we have said.

WHERE IS THE EVIDENCE.

At a recent indignation meeting held at Oberlin, Professor Morgan, in the course of his remarks upon the Constitution, said:

"But since the compromise of the constitution were made, Southerners have changed the nature of the bondage of their slaves. There was never an understanding or agreement to send back fugitives to a perpetual bondage to them and their posterity. Slavery was soon to terminate. Nor did the compact, engage individuals to assist in restoring fugitives, but pledged the states not to pass laws hindering the restoration of persons owing service. This was Webster's interpretation. The United States Government claims the power to set aside all the laws of liberty we have drunk in with our mother's milk, and make up the personal drudges and blood hounds of their vilest negro catchers. Can we believe our fathers promised such a thing? If they did not intelligently upright men can submit to it."

We are unable to conceive how a person of Prof. Morgan's intelligence and reputation for veracity could be induced to put forth such statements as some of those in the foregoing quotation.

In what essentials, or in what non-essentials even, has the nature of slavery changed within the last seventeen years? The laws of those days which defined the character of slavery are the laws by which its character is defined today. The agreement—what understanding, but positive agreement—between the fathers made, was to return escaping slaves, designating them as "persons held to service or labor," and if, by the law of Slavery, they and their posterity were held as slaves for life, then they were returned in "perpetual bondage," and we cannot understand how any man can fail to perceive it.

"Slavery was soon to terminate," says the Professor. Was that noted in the bond, and was the compromise conditional? We read that such an opinion as to the duration of slavery was expressed by some about the time the Constitution was formed, but if it was to expire by limitation, as would naturally be inferred from the Professor's language, where can the record be found?

That the States are pledged not to pass laws hindering the return of fugitives is true, and some bold stands forth pledged by the Constitution—States, as such, or individual of some States, it matters not which—the fugitive "shall be delivered up." Being that the Supreme Court is the authorized expounder of the Constitution as appointed by all the voters under it, and inasmuch as its decisions are legally binding, we submit

whether those decisions are not of more importance than the opinions of Daniel Webster. We are rather inclined to think, too, that Webster's opinions are not correctly stated in the above quotation, inasmuch as he is not only believed the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional, but held that we could obey its behest with slavery, even though we had to conquer our prejudices to do so.

It is pitiable to see what shifts men will resort to, to prove black, white, or white, black. The history of the Constitution, and the universal practice of the nation under it, is conclusive proof that the fathers made compromise with slavery, of which their children are reaping the bitter fruits. There is no use in men stultifying themselves, or by hypothetical argument destroying their moral perception. The fathers did a wicked thing; let the children repudiate it. The fathers compromised the principles of freedom in order to form a political union with the oppressors; let the children trample the compact under foot, and write upon their banners, and on their lives "No Union with Slaveholders." The fathers doubtless did, as they thought, the best they could; but, of the present, might have done no better. But living at a later period, and seeing the practical workings of their system, if we continue to ratify their bond, we commit that kind of blunder which is far worse than a crime.

THE STATE JAILS.

It would appear from an article with the above caption, which we copy from the *Cleveland Herald*, that the removal of Bushnell from the Cuyahoga County Jail to a temporary prison got up by the government officials for his better security, is an act which is not explicitly authorized by Federal Law, though possibly it may be justified by implication.

One thing, however, is very apparent; which is this: That inasmuch as Ohio permits her jails to be used for the incarceration of offenders against Federal Laws, her jails, by the act of 1856 on the part of the State Government, are compelled to receive and hold Bushnell, and all other of the rescuers who may be sentenced to imprisonment. What a spectacle is this! The people protesting against the sentence of imprisonment, and yet voluntarily opening their jails for the reception of the criminals, and officially authorizing and compelling their jailors to keep over them watch and ward, and paying them for this service out of the State Treasury!

MISS WATKINS.

Lectured in our town upon Friday evening of last week, on the wrongs and oppressions of her race. The weather was very inclement, and many of our citizens had other engagements on that evening; yet the house was well filled, showing that the impression she produced during her visit here last fall, was of the most favorable kind. She possesses rare gifts and much cultivation. Those who bear her once, go again gladly; and they who sneeringly speak of the inferiority of the negro, may get from her some new ideas as to the capacity of the class with which she is identified.

The Salem Sewing Circle will meet at the house of J. Elizabeth Jones on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. General attendance is requested.

FRANCIS ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The next annual meeting of this Society will be held in New York, commencing on Friday, May 10th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

SUCKER ACQUIRED.—Of course, who expected him to be convicted? His trial has furnished a large amount of reading matter for the American public; whether they will be benefited by it, is, perhaps, an open question.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance is holding its semi-annual meeting in Salem this week. We attended a public meeting they held on Wednesday evening, which was large and enthusiastic. GEN. CARY made the opening speech and fully justified the high opinion we had formed of his popular oratory. His argument vindicating the Bible from the charge of sustaining intemperance was very able and conclusive.

Of Mr. MORRIS, the second speaker, it is sufficient to say that he ably sustained the interest that had been awakened, notwithstanding he labored under the disadvantage of commencing after 9 o'clock, and following one whose eloquence had enchaind the audience. This required an ordinary talent for public speaking, and such, Mr. Morris evidently possesses. If we mistake not, he has much breadth of vision. We were particularly pleased with his closing remarks in relation to the duty and necessity of reformers looking only to principle as their rule of action, while abjuring the beseness of the politician who regulates his action with a view to speedy success.

THE STATE JAILS.

The Congress of the United States, by joint resolution, adopted in 1798, recommended the several States to pass laws permitting the use of their jails, prisons, &c., to the United States Court, for the confinement of prisoners and convicts.

March 3d, 1791, another resolution was adopted, authorizing the United States Marshals, in the States which had not complied with the above recommendation, acting under the express order of the United States Court, to provide temporary places for the confinement of prisoners.

An act of March 3d, 1821, embodied the same provisions into the form of a law. An act of March 2d, 1833, made the same provisions in reference to States which had once complied with the recommendation of 1798, but had subsequently repealed such statutes.

The act of June 1834, provides that when any convict sentenced to any penitentiary of any State or Territory, shall be imprisoned pursuant thereto, he shall be exclusively under the control of the State officer having the charge of said prison, &c. The act of 1833, authorizes the Federal Court in proper cases, to sentence to the houses of correction or reformation, &c., in the several States. The act of 1836, provides for imprisonment in the penitentiary of a given State, in all cases where the law prohibits by imprisonment and hard labor.

It is believed that the above acts and resolutions

contain all the Federal legislation now in force bearing on the subject. And it will be seen, that it is those States alone which have failed to furnish jails and prisons for the custody of the United States prisoners, that the Federal Courts have authority to provide the means for the custody of these own prisoners. That in the States which have provided prisons for the use of the Federal Courts and authorities, a Marshal can confine his prisoners nowhere else; nor can a Federal Court make an order by which he can be legally held elsewhere.

In compliance with the recommendation of Congress embodied in the resolution of 1798, the Legislature of Ohio in 1806, passed a statute placing the jails of the State, subject to the orders of the authorities of the United States, and obliging the Sheriffs and jailors, under severe penalties, to receive and keep all prisoners charged with infractions of the Federal laws. This statute is in full force.

One case bearing directly on the question has been adjudicated in the Federal Courts. *Randolph vs. Donaldson*, 9 Cranch, Rep. 76. One Balm was committed for debt, by order of the U. S. Circuit Court, and placed in the jail at Batavia county, Virginia, from which he escaped and this suit was brought against the Marshal to recover for the escape. The material question was, whether the prisoner was in the custody of the U. S. Marshal, and the escape from him.

Justice Story, in delivering the opinion and judgment of the Court, after referring to the legislation of Congress, says—"When a prisoner is regularly committed to a State jail by the Marshal, he is no longer in the custody of the Marshal, nor controllable by him. The Marshal has no authority to command or direct the keeper in respect to the nature of the imprisonment. For certain purposes, and to certain intents, the State jail, lawfully used by the United States, may be deemed the jail of the United States, and the keeper to be keeper of the United States." The opinion discusses the question at length, and was concurred in by a full bench, and explicitly determines that while a United States prisoner is committed to the jail of a State, he is in no sense in the custody of a United States Marshal.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The ninth Anniversary of the National Woman's Rights Association will be held in Moxley Hall, Broadway, New York, on Thursday evening, May 12th, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

A meeting for business and general discussion will be held at 2 1/2 p. m. of same day at same place.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Sec.

DIED.

On the 19th inst., at the residence of his brother, in Salem, Ohio, after a short illness, WASHINGTON BRUCE, of Yocumtown, York Co., Pa., aged 22 years.

He was a young man of unassuming manners, strict morality and firm integrity. He passed away to rise no more until the morning of the Resurrection. *Repined in pace.*

Received of
Merry A. Nichols, 50 00
Friends in Cleveland, 3 00
Wm. F. Parker, 5 50
J. W. S., 2 00
W. W. Walker, 2 50
Ezra Brannan, 20 00
Lydia Irish, 5 00
Rumsey Revere, 5 00
C. Miller, 5 00
Wm. Herr, 20 00
J. McMILLAN, Treasr.

Receipts for the Bugle from April 14, to April 27.

Oshorn Hamilton, Montezuma	5 00	pay to 840
Miss Bishop, Barre	1 00	to 658
Wm. Steadman, Randolph	2 00	to 706
W. M. Walker, New Bedford	1 50	to 734
Benjamin Snodgrass, Berlin Center	1 50	to 672
Mary Haines, North Benton	1 50	to 674
Gilbert S. Keel, Pine River	5 50	to 784
Edwin A. Sharpless, Lowellville	3 00	to 734
James S. Service, Oakford	1 50	to 757
Isaac Davis, Atwater	1 50	to 733
John Rockhill, Marlboro	1 50	to 733
J. N. Taylor, Randolph	1 50	to 757
Reuben Erwin, Marlboro	50	to 737
Cordelia L. Smalley, New York	1 00	to 700
Morris Walton, Auburn	3 00	to 741
Wm. Herr, Brighton	2 00	to 729

VARIETY AND NOTION STORE!!

E. E. Barr, Having just returned from the East, respectfully invites the attention of the Ladies and public in general to her large and carefully selected Stock of Notions and

WHITE GOODS!!

Consisting of all kinds of Fine Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroidery, Gents' and Ladies' Collars, Flouncings, Ruffles, and Insertings, Infants' Waists, Frock Muslins, Back Pieces, Kid Gloves, Belt Cases, Ribbon Slides, Coral Beads, Cornelian Crosses, Fans, Wristlets, and Notions of all kinds. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a share of public patronage. The Goods have been selected with much care, and a desire to please. Remember the place—FIFTH DOORS WEST OF M. W. LANE'S BOOK-STORE, SALEM, OHIO.

April 30-59.

1859.] APRIL 26th. [1859.]

JUST OPENED!!!

Spring and Summer Goods,

Which will be sold to CASH BUYERS at a very SMALL ADVANCE ON COST!!!

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!!!

New and Rich Styles, Varieties, and Patterns, and All kinds of Fabrics!!!

Gloves in Endless Variety! Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons!!!

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS! SHAWLS! Shawls, Silks, and Combs!!!

WHITE GOODS! MEN'S WEAR! BOOTS AND SHOES!!!

GROCERIES! GROCERIES! GROCERIES! CANNED GOODS! HARDWARE! Clothing—Ready Made, and Made to Order! All these Goods will be sold very low. J. HEATON.

April 30-59.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.				
LEAVE	Going West.	Going East.	Going West.	Going East.
Pittsburg,	2:15 p.m.	12:30 a.m.	6:00 a.m.	
Columbiana,	5:10	6:25		
Salem,	2:41	7:30	9:47	
Alliance,	6:22	8:50	10:14	
Crestline,	11:20		2:59 p.m.	
ARRIVE AT				
Chicago,	11:50 a.m.		4:00 a.m.	

Going East.				
Chicago,	5:30 a.m.	9:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	
Crestline,	5:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	9:40 a.m.	
Alliance,	9:55	1:41 p.m.	12:00 p.m.	
Salem,	11:29	2:51 a.m.	12:18	
Columbiana,	10:49	2:45	1:47	
ARRIVE AT				
Pittsburg,	1:25 a.m.	5:30 a.m.	4:22	

Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad Time Table.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT ALLIANCE.		
Going South.	Going North.	
Mail Train,	10:55 A. M.	11:50 A. M.
Express,	8:02 P. M.	4:48 P. M.
Freight,	11:46 A. M.	11:46 P. M.

35 BARRELS EXTRA

SOUTHERN FLOUR.

J. DEMING.
Salem, April 23.

DEMING SELLS CHEAP

GROCERIES,	FISH,	FRUITS,
GROCERIES,	FISH,	FRUITS,

Miscellaneous.

SHADOWS, THEN SUNSHINE.

"Work, work, work!" I repeated the word to myself with bitterness, as I leaned out from the window to catch the sweet breeze of the morning as they swept up from the green meadow lands, cool and delicious. Lines of misty, golden light were streaming down from the hill-tops, making amber paths across the green, dewy fields, and under ladders from one tree-top to another, through all the wide expanse of woods that my eyes could reach. Under the window, roses and lilacs bloomed—the roses tossing their red and white and the lilacs their cloudy purple clusters, backward and forward, meeting as if to exchange kisses, and mingle in one sweet breath their united fragrance.

But what were the sunlight, the trees, the dewy fields and flowers to me? I might not go out freely among them; my feet could not press the green grass of the fields; I might not wander where the breezes made anthems through the trees; my hands might not pluck the simplest flower which bent forward to meet their weary outstretching—I must work, for labor was the only gift for me; whether I made it a pleasure or a curse, it was the only alternative. And so with tears in my eyes, which the sun-light mockingly bridged across with golden bars, I seated myself to my daily task—There was a great well of bitterness within my heart, which, with the rigorous will, I could hardly keep from overflowing—a passion almost overpowering of my deep, womanly nature, which in vain I tried to press backward into the quiet channel it had always known. In vain, for it surged up to catch the light and the shadows, which, even in my bitterest moments, I shut my heart against. It was a strange time to me, can you comprehend it, reader? A time when I desired everything for fear that was the sweet foundation of a hope.

"Work, work, work!" I said again, pressing my fingers close upon my eyes, and letting fall the garment on which I had been sewing. "I wish I might die, die!" My tears fell thick and fast. I wished I might weep my life away.

"Nelly—Nelly, dear, you will weep so long that there will be a dull heavy gloom upon everything. Look up, I have something to say to you." Before the words fell upon my ear, I recognized a presence near me, a soul that mine leaped up in great waves of joy to meet. Words were not wanted to insure me of the presence of Charles Howard. In a moment the smiles gathered upon my face, and involuntarily I clasped my hands from my eyes to meet the steady, penetrating gaze of the man I loved.

"Now, now, Nelly, we have the rainbows!" he said, drawing a chair, and seating himself close by my side, and at the same time tossing elegantly the light airy robe which I was making upon the table. "Tell me what troubles you?"

For some reason the bitterness within me flowed up to my lips when I opened them to speak.

"I am weeping for joy," I said, turning my head away from him. "It is to be wondered at."

"Not if your heart in its outstretchings can divine the future," was his answer.

"Are you a prophet?" said I, "that you speak with such authority?"

"Judge your future by your own heart, Nelly," said he. "I will not believe that it tells me wrongly."

I reached out my hand for his work, without replying, as he said this. A determination rose within me not to listen idly, like a pleased child, to his words even though they sent the warm blood dashing to my face, and quickened to wildness the pulsation of my heart. I was a poor, dependent sewing girl, and Charles Howard was rich, proud, and of a high family. What I knew of the world, all the education I could lay claim to, had been gathered by piece-meal, and yet I was not ignorant. He was an elegant, polished man, at ease in any station—a man who had seen the world without entering into its busy, bustling ranks, and from seeing had turned away, weary and disinterested.

From the moment I saw him, when he came to spend the summer with the proud Langtons, with whom I was living, I knew him wholly and well as if for years I had been permitted to read his heart as freely as a written scroll. He said that he was the betrothed husband of his wealthy cousin, Letitia Langdon, and judging by what I saw daily I had no right to dispute it. Indeed, I thought it very probable, and with me there was ever this sweet assurance—I could understand him and appreciate him, as she could not; could bring by my words a smile to his lip that she might try in vain to summon there. He might give her the hugs of his heart, the outward make-believe devotion, but I could see into his inner life, and know that not a moment was he free, arrogant, false, dissipated there. He was by his side in all the glitter and show of fashionable society, but he came to me for sympathy when he was weary and disheartened, when the eyes of the world were turned a moment from the worship of his idol.

But the day before the morning on which he found me weeping, Letitia spoke harshly and insultingly to me, taunting me with my low name and calling, and with an angry light in her dark eyes told me that I dared raise my plebeian voice to speak to those far above me, she would have turned into the street like a beggar as I was. I have often wondered since how I bore so meekly without resisting her insolent words. I can not say, unless it was for the sweet love that had placed me, for the time, far beyond the reach of her scorn.

"I judged your future by your own heart," repeated Charles, attempting as he spoke to draw my work from me again. "Oh, Nelly, bid me know that I have not judged wrongly!"

"What right had I to tremble with delight at his welcome words? What right had the warm, tell-tale blush to write for his personal my secret upon brow, lip and cheek? I was poor, and what right had I to woman's love and joy? Charles Howard was a proud man—what could he want of my love? The thought was torturing to me, and with a quick exasperated effort, I said to him, 'Do not tempt me, Mr. Howard. I do not deserve this from you.'"

"Tempt you, dearest?" he said, drawing me passionately towards him. "Tempt you who have grown to be dearer to me than any one else? When I came to you this morning to ask you to be my wife—my wife, Nelly!" he repeated.

"You cannot mean what you are saying," I sobbed. "I am rich, learned and proud; I am queen unknown and adored. I am a sewing girl!"

"Well, what of that?" he asked, holding me at arm's length from him, as though I had been the poorest child, and looking half sternly, half reproachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, pomp and show. I have the desire of your heart, a woman's heart—a heart that has been kept pure and free from the tainting dusts of the world. Give me your love, Nelly!"

"I will not," I said, drawing me passionately towards him. "Tempt you who have grown to be dearer to me than any one else? When I came to you this morning to ask you to be my wife—my wife, Nelly!" he repeated.

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me a house there, Nelly! If there is a condescension on either side, it is on yours. You are truer and purer than I am. Do not interrupt me. If you were not, your life could not flow on so calmly, so gently. I am a better man when near you, darling!"

"Oh, how like a bewitching, beautiful dream, his words made everything to me! How rapidly and intoxicatingly the assurance of his love went through the waiting chambers of my soul! I forgot everything; hardships, privations, humiliations, and despair, as for one little moment he drew my weary head to his breast, telling me that henceforth and forever it should be my shelter, resting-place and shield."

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden joy the quick, musical laugh of Letitia Langdon. "Really, this is interesting! How lucky for me that I took a freak to rise early this morning! This beautiful, pathetic tableau, free of expense! Ha, ha, ha! Shall I summon spectators, Mr. Howard?"

"Just as you please, Miss Langdon," was the cool, careless reply, as he drew me back to my seat. "Perhaps your enjoyment will be increased, however, if you have the selfish pleasure of knowing that it is unshared by any one else!"

"Really, Charles, this is a little beneath you," she replied, in a condescending tone. "Don't, I beg of you, trifle with this poor, uneducated creature any longer. Of course, it is perfectly excusable, for gentlemen have a right to seek amusement as they choose; but this girl, this servant of mine, really, she makes me blush that I am a woman."

"Come here, Letitia, and let me look at you while you are blushing," was the reply given with a light laugh.

"Well, yes, anything," said she. "Only let this girl be sent to her room. This is no place for her."

A quick, fiery anger shone in Charles Howard's eyes at those words, such as I had never seen before; yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her: "Very well," and then whispered to me: "I'll take care of you, darling; do not fear."

Half an hour later, as I was passing to and from my chamber, Letitia Langdon came to meet her beautiful features darkened by frowns. I did not tremble at her anger, but stood up silently and proudly before her, waiting for her to commence the mercenary trade which she had in readiness for me.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" she began, her voice quivering with rage, "answer me!"

But I did not care to speak, and so remained silent.

"Why don't you answer me?" she asked with a stamp of her foot.

"First, I must know by what authority you question me," I replied.

"Girl, are you not my servant, working for the house I give you? Are you not accountable to me for your department?"

"If I do not please you I can easily leave," I said, turning away from her.

"Yes, and leave me your should, but for Mr. Howard's kindness and pity. Foolishly enough, I have promised not to turn you out of doors. However, be careful how you conduct yourself, or you will go now," she said, sweeping proudly toward the door. She stopped suddenly, and added, "I have a few dresses which you may as well make for me. Mr. Howard thinks you will please us better than any one else."

I could but smile at her presumption as she closed the door after her. "Mr. Howard thinks you will please us," I repeated to myself, thankful that her insinuation had no longer power to ruffle the calm joy of my heart.

Two or three days passed away, and I did not meet or speak with Mr. Howard again. But for my trust in his love, my perfect faith in his every plan, I should have left the house of the Langtons, even though I was forced to sleep in the streets. But he wished me to stay for some good reason, and so I bore up bravely under insults that nearly bordered on curses. Letitia told me that he looked upon me with scorn and contempt, while he pitied me because I was poor and friendless, and so she most, out of courtesy to him, let upon my sewing in my chamber instead of the sitting room.

But one evening, when I supposed every member of the family was making merry in the parlour, I stole down in the sitting-room for a book I had left there several days before. As I turned from the room to cross the brilliantly lighted hall, I met Mr. Howard. A sudden light broke over his face as he saw me, and with his hands extended he came toward me, taking both my arms in his.

"I must not stay," I said, attempting to draw away from him.

"But a moment, dear," he said, "I am preparing a home for you. It will be ready soon. I am going away to-morrow. When I return I will take you from this place. Keep up a brave heart until then. I will be back again in three days!"

As he bent his face to mine, I saw at the opposite side of the hall, peering from a door, the handsome, haughty face of Letitia Langdon. I had not time to signify by word or look to Mr. Howard that there was any one watching us before he said, pressing my hand as he turned away, "Three days!"

But his assurance did not make me happy—I could have borne everything, knowing the same roof sheltered us both; but now for three long days, I was to be left to the mercy of the cruel, revengeful Letitia. What might not happen in that time? I wept myself to sleep, thinking of it and all my dreams were shadowed by the face of Letitia Langdon, wearing the same expression it had worn the evening before, when it lowered upon my happiness. The following day there was this strange presentiment of evil with which I could not put away lightly. Letitia's face was as a cornucopia of evil, yet when she spoke to me there was an air of triumph about her; a vein of satisfied revenge running through the very lines of her face.

On the morning of the second day of Mr. Howard's absence, while I was sitting in my chamber, finishing a light morning wrapper for Letitia, I was summoned to the parlour. I knew not why, but a sudden fear took possession of me, and I could hardly utter down stairs, so real had grown the idea of the sorrow that was coming.

"Miss Russell," began Mr. Langdon, as I entered the room in which the whole household was assembled, "I have sad reports of you from my daughter Letitia. Some one has taken a large sum of money from her purse; can you tell who it was?"

"Sir," I began in a choked voice, "I do not understand you."

"Probably not, Miss," said he, "but to make the thing plain, I will repeat it. My daughter Letitia, unless a large sum of money from her purse, and thinks you may be able to give some clue to it—in a quiet way, you know."

Washington Irving was visited on the 2d last, by his 75th birthday, by his neighbors, who greeted the venerable man with honors and congratulations.

"How should I know anything of her money?" I demanded, in a quick, emphatic tone, fixing my eyes steadily upon the thin, sharp face of the old man.

"Oh, that would not be a difficult matter, as often as you go in and out of my room!" said Letitia, seeing that her father quailed beneath my glance.

"And what right have you to intrude such a thing on me? The right that the rich assume over the poor?" I asked.

"No such-right, Miss," retorted Letitia. "But when a woman can herself be wanting of one essential virtue, people more readily suspect her of lacking others. I believe that you are able to tell me something of my money, rather than other servants who have always shown themselves strictly honorable in everything."

"And is this all you have to say to me?" I asked, glancing round upon the little assembly.

"All? Is it not enough, young woman?" exclaimed Mr. Langdon.

"Enough? Certainly, sir," I answered, turning to leave the room; but at the door I was met by an officer, who thrust a search warrant in my face.

"According to law, madam," he said, preceding me up stairs, "such things must be looked into."

I glanced round at the little group that was following me, to see if there was one pitying human face in it; but I looked in vain. Every countenance was as hard and cold as granite. Why, oh, why, did not some kind angel send Mr. Howard to me at that moment of peril?

"What makes you so pale, Nelly, entered Letitia, as I leaned tremblingly against the window for support."

I did not answer her, but watched the pompous official as he carefully searched every article of clothing in my trunk with a perseverance that was worthy of a better cause.

"Nothing here, sir," he said at last, rising to his feet and facing Mr. Langdon.

"Here is another box," broke in Letitia, pointing to a writing desk that stood upon the table.

Again the man of law commenced his duty, with a smile of hope lighting up his features. He held to the wondering company a short gold chain, which had been the gift of my mother's before she died; then a plain gold ring, which bore the initials "C. H. A." A murmur of disapproval went round the circle at the discovery of the ring, and before it died away, the officer turned out of a small but three sovereigns.

"My money! my money!" screamed Letitia. "It is exactly the number extracted from my purse!"

"What have you to say now, Miss?" asked Mr. Langdon, coming up to me and laying his thin hand upon my arm.

"That Miss Letitia Langdon placed the money there herself, sir," I answered slowly and distinctly.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer?" called the excited old man. "Take her away, into the street, as the jail, anywhere! I won't have her in my house another moment, sir! The jail is the place for the thieving creature!"

"No, no, father, don't say that; don't be too harsh!" cried Letitia. "It is my affair; allow me to settle it with her. I know you will, father."

"You are too kind, too forgiving," said the old man, placing his hand fondly on the head of his child. "The jail is the place for her, Letitia!"

"But do not think of that, she is young, remember, and is without friends. The law is against me; let me deal with her. Go away, all of you, and leave us together."

Slowly Mr. Langdon yielded to his daughter's wishes, and preceded the household to the door.

"You can choose, Nelly," began Letitia, when we were left alone, "between two alternatives; you can go to jail or leave the place at once. Choose between the two, you must quickly. If you wish to stand a trial, and make your sin a public one, very well. If you wish to avoid it, I will assist you to leave town immediately. Which will you do?"

I dropped my head upon my trembling hands to cover my face from her malignant, exultant gaze. Should I stay to bring shame upon the noble head of Charles Howard—a disgrace that would never leave him? Should I drag him down into my misery? Never!

"I will go at once," I answered, rising.

"Very well," said Letitia. "I will order a conveyance myself in time for the train, and send some one to assist you in packing your trunk."

In less than half an hour I was at the station, awaiting half impatiently, for the train in which I was to go. It came at last, and with a feeling of mingled relief and despair, I made my way through the crowd toward the carriage pointed out to me. As I stepped one foot upon the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the arm. I looked around and met the wondering, puzzled gaze of Charles Howard.

"Where in the world are you going, Nelly?" he asked, drawing me back through the crowd.

"Home!" I said, faintly, as I leaned back heavily upon his arm.

"You are mistaken in the direction," said he. "Home is this way, dear, very near you," he added, motioning a coachman toward him.

"Drive us to Chestnut Hill," said he to the driver, as he lifted me into the coach.

I looked at him with wonder and surprise. It seemed like a dream to me.

"I'll tell you, Nelly, we are going home," said he. "That is our destination. I have procured a marriage license, and am come back earlier than I intended, because I felt sure you were in trouble. What have they been doing to you?"

In broken sentences I told him the story of my persecutions.

"Never mind, never mind," he said; I will take care of you in the future. But first I wish to have a letter right to protect you. Everything is prepared for your reception in your new home, and we will be married at once, Nelly; so there will be no room for scandal. Heaven forbid that I should add to your suffering by my thoughtlessness."

I must have been a sorry-faced bride to look upon, but my heart was as true and glad as need be. The following morning Mr. Howard sent a note to Miss Langdon, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Charles Howard presents his compliments to Miss Letitia Langdon, and begs that she will not forbear prosecuting her suit against his wife, since she did not leave town yesterday as agreed upon. He hopes also that Miss Langdon will not allow any modest or conscientious scruples to deter her from her duty, even though in doing it she is forced to the painful necessity of taking Mrs. Howard from her pleasant home to the jail."

This all happened years ago, in a time of shadow. I have now the sunshine.

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"All? Is it not enough, young woman?" exclaimed Mr. Langdon.

"Enough? Certainly, sir," I answered, turning to leave the room; but at the door I was met by an officer, who thrust a search warrant in my face.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The black-bird early leaves its nest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From o'pland, wood and lawn;

The busy bee that wings its way
Mid sweets of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the aconite,
Fresh sermons as we pass;

The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon his tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
For nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!

The leaves that flutter in the air,
And Summer's breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?

Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The selfish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;

To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
"Is work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done,
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!

The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain too;
We're none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

SPIRITUAL EXCITEMENT IN NANTUCKET.—A few evenings since the Davenport boys, spiritual mediums, who tie and untie themselves in a box in a dark room for the education of people who love such mysteries, gave a performance in Nantucket. Their showman made a statement that Bly, the detective medium, would not dare to allow himself to be put to a similar test, whereupon a man in the front part of the meeting arose, pulled off a pair of green spectacles and a false beard, and Bly stood before the astonished audience. He stated that he had for a long time sought an opportunity to meet the Davenport boys, but they had avoided him until he had caught them by stratagem. He desired to be tied in the same manner, and promised to release himself in a shorter space of time than the boys had done and without the aid of the spirits. The boys would not meet the test, and the audience, which had been much astonished and amused by the proceedings, voted them "humbugs."

RATHER TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—Thursday night a countryman from Franklin county wandered to the Gaiety Theatre to witness the tragedy of *Othello*. Mr. Crip personated the "Moor" on the occasion, and we must say, looked the character in perfection. The delegate from Franklin appeared highly satisfied until the scene in the Duke's palace, where Othello is arraigned for marrying the fair and beautiful Desdemona. Here he knelt his brow and bowed his head at the foot of the altar, and the delegate went to the aid of the spirits. The boys would not meet the test, and the audience, which had been much astonished and amused by the proceedings, voted them "humbugs."

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